# The Fact-Story of the Russian Famine

*THIS is a semi-official, unvarnished, truthful story of the famine conditions in Russia—first hand—written by a man who from September of last year to May of this gave his entire time and effort to feeding the starving children of the district of Samara, as supervisor for the American Relief Administration.*

*What he writes in the series of articles beginning to-day is what he actually saw or what came to him in reports from his fellow relief workers. From the bare record of starvation to the shocking reports of cannibalism that in some places followed in its train, the story is based upon official facts.*

*The writer of the articles is an American. He is the son of the late Gov Shafroth of Colorado, a graduate of the Universities of Michigan and California. He served during the war with the 78th Field Artillery. He was a member of the American Relief Administration in Poland and was chosen to head the work in the Samara district.*

## Article V.

### ORGANIZING RELIEF WORK IN SPITE OF DIFFICULTIES.

By Will Shafroth

*District Supervisor American Relief Administration in the District of Samara from Sept. 15, 1921, to May 15, 1922.*



OUR plan of operation was presented to the Government at a meeting of the "Presidium of the Gubispolkom," the Executive committee of the Soviet, which was composed of representatives from the various districts in the province. An objection was made that we were paralleling an already existing organization; that the Government at that time had in every village a Hunger Committee which could perfectly well perform the functions delegated to our committees, and that the transport organs of the Government were exactly fitted for distributing the food to these committees.

WILL SHAFROTH

Our reply that previous experience had shown us that the most effective work could be done by committees composed as ours would be of the intelligent elements in the villages, and that these committees must be directly responsible to us and not to the Government, was received in silence. We further stated that we intended and of necessity would be compelled to use government transportation and storage facilities, to which under the Riga agreement we were entitled, but that all warehouses assigned to us must be under the direct control of our employees, and all carriers transporting our supplies must be responsible directly to us.

At a second meeting, held after the plan had been discussed by the Government before the entire Soviet, a rather decided opposition to our scheme arose. The Governor expressed the opinion that we had no right to organize our own committees and it was only after some rather sharp telegraphic communication with Moscow, for which we were given every facility, that he acknowledged this right was given us by the Riga agreement.

#### SUSPICION AND LACK OF CONFIDENCE.

Disagreements in those early days were not caused by the Government's opposition to our getting the food out. They were extremely glad to see relief supplies coming, with their own stocks diminishing, and the need increasing. But they were still uncertain as to whether we had come in for purely relief purposes, and feared to give us the free hand we wished to have, in building an organization which they thought might be used as we saw fit. As the Soviet delegate, Max Litvinoff, said during the preliminary negotiations at Riga, there was "suspicion on the one side and lack of confidence on the other."

Our first food train arrived on Sept. 26, and unloading began immediately. Although an office and equipment for it requested two weeks before had not yet been properly provided, the Government began to show alarm that our organization was apparently not yet ready to function.

Our plan called for the appointment of a so-called "Russian director," who would hold the position of an executive under the American District Supervisor, to carry out the policies of the latter. We had agreed that his appointment should be made by the American in charge and confirmed by the local Government.

At our third meeting the Governor notified me that the Soviet approved this feature, and informed me that it was the sense of the Executive Committee that this should be done at once and food distribution started, as our first train had arrived. He therefore nominated two candidates for the post of Russian director, one of them head of the Government Transport Department and the other head of the Co-operative Societies of the province, which organization had also come under the control of the Government.

#### UP AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

I replied through my interpreter, a construction engineer of great ability and intelligence, that I fully realized the pressing need for speed in getting our food out to the starving children, but that no distribution could be effected except under the control of our own organization, and that up to that time my repeated requests for furniture and equipment for the house and office which had been furnished to us had met only with delays and excuses. I thanked him for the two names which he had submitted to me, and said that, as I had conferred with both the gentlemen, I knew them to be very good men and they would receive due consideration.

His reply to this, delivered rather in the manner of an ultimatum, was that I must choose one of these men before leaving the meeting. For a minute the situation was very tense. The various members of the Executive Committee were sitting around the room, while my interpreter and I had chairs before the desk, behind which the Governor presided. I could see they were all watching very closely the effect this would have on me; but in spite of it, I had difficulty in keeping my temper.

I answered that the choice could not be made then; that after due consideration of these and other possible candidates, the Governor would be notified of my choice and given full opportunity to express his approval or disapproval. This caused rather a stir of surprise as the Government was not used to having its wishes opposed, and the meeting broke up spontaneously.

#### THE ACTUAL RELIEF WORK BEGUN.

The next days were very anxious ones. Doctor Golder and Gregg had already gone back to Moscow, and two more Americans had arrived to help me, Ronald Allen of Fulton, N. Y., and P. H. Hofstra of Grand Rapids, Mich. Our first American meal was given to children in a receiving home on Wednesday, the day after the unloading had commenced, and on Friday our first kitchen was opened to 200 youngsters. The effect the sight of white bread and cocoa had on these half-starved little beggars was a wonderful thing to see.

In the meanwhile my search for a capable "Russian director" had been rewarded. I had not wished to put a Government man in charge of organizing the Russian end of our operations, even though he was to work directly under me; but to avoid this I knew I must find a man of capabilities at least equal to those of the two men whose names had been suggested.

After consultation with the Rector of the University, a very intelligent, capable and scholarly man who had formerly been a professor in the large University at Petrograd and the author of several very learned treatises on the art of the Italian Renaissance; with the foremost doctors in the town, and with several other people of good standing whom I had met, I found the man I wanted.

#### A CORPS OF INTELLIGENT WORKERS.

Head of the big General Hospital in Samara, a skilful surgeon with good reputation throughout the State, a man of convincing personality and with experience as an executive, Dr. Andree Vasellovitch Glasson was exactly the type I wanted. No objections were made to him by the Government, and our Russian staff was soon rapidly augmented.

Alexander Vasilelvitch Borodin, former inspector in the Government co-operative organization, a man of most unusual ability and judgment, proved himself invaluable in finding and in structing our regional directors. Then there were a lawyer, a Colonel in the Red Army who once had the same rank under the Czar, the former head bookkeeper in the largest bank in Samara, a lady interpreter belonging to one of the oldest and richest families in Samara, a Russian-American who had wandered in from Siberia, and many others. No communists were among them, although political opinions were never asked for or discussed in engaging personnel.

It was rather that the Intelligentsia saw in our work a chance to live again and possibly to find some connection with the outside world, and they flocked to us for employment. Many disputes with the Government resulted, as they said we should go to the State Employment Bureau for our personnel, and only a definite interpretation by our Moscow headquarters of a very unambiguous clause in our Riga agreement settled the matter.

#### AN AMERICAN GIRL PIONEER.

At this time all our efforts were put forth in an endeavor to organize quickly in the villages, and to get our food out as soon as possible to our regional warehouses. The first village kitchen in our province was organized by an American girl, Miss Anna Louise Strong of Portland, Ore. She belonged to the American Society of Friends and had come to Samara on a trip of preliminary investigation, distributing a few supplies at the same time. Her offer to help me organize temporarily was gratefully accepted, and she started out for a four days' trip with a local doctor who afterwards became one of our regional directors.

Her courage, absolute forgetfulness of self, willingness to buck up against the most trying physical hardships, and eager desire to be of real help on the Russian "Hunger front" was typical of all those splendid young women belonging to the Quaker Relief unit, most of whom I later learned to know.

For three nights she slept on the floor of peasant huts, and returned with the story of ten committees organized, with kitchens prepared ready to receive food, but no word of her own hardships. Ten days later she developed typhus, and for three months lay in a hospital in Samara.

Our American field inspectors had many and various hardships to contend with. Travelling oftentimes for days in box cars, or bouncing over the rough country roads in Fords, sleeping at night in peasant huts where to leave the door shut meant suffocation and to open it freezing, all windows being nailed shut or never built to open, living on "canned Willie" and tea and bread, seeing everywhere sights of death and starvation—the inspiration which came from the gratitude of the peasants themselves was in many cases all that sustained their courage. Often bitten by vermin despite all precautions of napthaline bug powder, or a gasoline spray, and constantly exposed to the epidemic of typhus, which was claiming victims in increasingly large numbers, they kept astonishingly well and cheerful.

#### ATTACKED BY COSSACK BANDITS.

In the month of November, Carl E. Floete of San Francisco met with an adventure suggestive to us of robber barons and the middle ages. He with his interpreter had gone down to the Ouyezd or District of Pugatchof, the name of which had recently been changed from Nikolaievsk. Its present title is derived from the famous bandit who centuries ago ravaged a good part of the Volga Valley and held it under his sway.

Arrived in Pugatchof, a town of about 10,000, with twelve cars of child-feeding supplies, he had proceeded to unload the food in a suitable warehouse, organize committees, open kitchens and start feeding. The official routine of this work was interrupted rather suddenly one evening by a rumor that an armed band of Cossacks was in the neighborhood, preparing for an attack on the town.

The President of the local Soviet with two of his assistants came to Mr. Floete's room at about 10 o'clock in a very agitated state, informing him that there was great danger and that he should prepare for flight. He was told to get everything in readiness to go, and then await further word from the local officials.

Three steaming samovars of tea were consumed by Floete, his interpreter and their Russian landlord, before the desire for sleep finally was dispelled by visions of black-haired pirates with cutlasses in their teeth, conjured up by the frightened Soviet official.

When morning came, and a hazy sun was beginning to disperse the disquieting thoughts of the night before, they were suddenly brought back very vividly by a volley apparently fired directly below the window of the room the American was occupying.

Immediately afterward a rifle bombardment commenced, both in the front and rear of the house. One bullet, coming in the window and passing directly over the head of his trembling interpreter, decided Floete not to try to stop the fight. In his own words: "Instead of rushing to the window and waving the Riga agreement with the announcement that I was an American, so they could save their bullets for future killings, I took refuge under a stout oaken desk built during the old regime, and there awaited the cessation of the engagement."

#### SPARED THE AMERICAN STORES

Eight hundred Cossack bandits men and women, heavily armed and mounted on fine-looking horses, with many wagons, had galloped into the town, driven out all authorities, police and militia after a short fight, and had then proceeded to systematically loot all Government stores. Food supplies of the A. R. A. which had recently been unloaded, although deserted by their guards, remained untouched by the order of the Cossack chief, who announced that any one trying to take the American stores brought in for the starving children would suffer the death penalty. The collecting of the food and other Government stocks was quickly done, and by sunset the cavalcade was already disappearing over the horizon to the eastward, whence they had come, their wagons laden with booty. Thirty soldiers of the Red army and a few Cossacks lay dead in the street, but the A. R. A. supplies in storehouses, in railway trucks and in departing wagon trains on the outskirts of town were untouched.

The next afternoon the Soviet officials began to reappear, and on the following morning three motor lorries, full of picked troops from the Cheka in Samara, arrived to find their quarry escaped, the condition of the roads making pursuit impossible.

An A. R. A. automobile which had been sent down to bring Floete back to Samara happened to arrive in Pugatchof at almost the precise moment of the bandit attack. Hearing the noise the chauffeur stopped to inquire its cause. He was told the "Cossacks have come." Without pausing for further enlightenment, he stepped on the accelerator, completely forgetting his mission, and arrived in Samara the same evening with three flat tires, after travelling over a hundred and twenty miles of very bumpy road.

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*(In his sixth article Mr. Shafroth presents facts that show the actual and frequent practice of cannibalism among the starving peasants of the Province of Samara. It is a terrible story but very simply told and bears no evidence of overdrawing.)*

# "Are All Men Alike?"

By Arthur Stringer

AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE WIFE," "THE HOUSE OF INTRIGUE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B JOHNSTONE.

#### GERRY ENGAGED TO A FRUMP?

"WELL, that impresses me as an eminently sane and respectable place to want to go to," remarked the old Major as he blinked from one to the other of the odd trio confronting him.

But his eye, for some reason, was on Gerald Rhinelander West when he spoke next, though his question, obviously, was addressed to Teddie:

"And just when do you want to go, my dear?"

"As soon as you can get away from here," was Teddie's prompt but low-noted reply.

Ceremoniously the old Major held out his crooked right arm and dolorously the girl in the blue-fox took it.

Neither of them spoke until they came to a stop beside the roadster.

"I never intend to speak to Gerry West again as long as I live," announced Teddie, with a combined suddenness and fierceness which made her Uncle Chandler forget his left hip-joint as he climbed into the car beside her.

He patted her knee comprehendingly.

"Under the circumstances, then," he observed as she made the motor whine with an altogether unnecessary jab on the accelerator, "it'll be just as well, Teddikins, if you don't see him for a week or two!"

Back in the dismal emptiness of the dismal gray studio Gerry and Gunboat Dorgan stood looking at each other. Then Gunboat sighed fraternally and essayed an owl-like wag of the head.

"They're all alike, them women!" he remarked with the sagacity of one who has survived unfair ordeals at the hands of the fair.

Teddie's head was much clearer by the time she had motored out to Tuxedo. Her head was clearer, but the contradictory tides of feeling that eddied about her troubled young heart seemed as muddled up as ever.

Even her Uncle Chandler was not entirely oblivious of the fact that some newer ferment was working in the depths of that bottled-up young soul.

But he asked no questions. There were two things which he knew too well for that: one was life in general and the other was Theodora Hayden in particular.

As for Teddie herself, she was tyrannical and melting and snappy and chummy all at the same time. In her mother's absence she promptly ordered the servants about in a manner which plainly betokened that she intended to be master of her fate in at least one quarter of an otherwise unconquered world.

She ordered silver unpacked and moth-bags burned and the striped ticking off the furniture and the cars overhauled and the drapes restored and the drive-borders retrimmed and an absurd amount of cut flowers for every room in the house.

But she prowled moodily about that house, resenting its quietness at the same time that she gave orders she was at home to nobody. She tried riding before breakfast, and found her old mount gone soft and her new groom gone sulky. She tried reading, and discovered how unbelievably dull all modern books could be.

She tried motoring and found no interest in maneuvering the old hairpin curves on two wheels and no thrill in defying the old speed-traps at sixty miles an hour. Even the greenhouses, when she invaded them, seemed to suggest funeral setpieces and the vanity of all earthly ways.

The very walls about that lordly Hayden demesne grew still again, remarkably suggestive of jail walls. And that particular wall which intervened between her own and the adjacent estate of the West family seemed to take on a particularly objectionable coloring.

As for her Uncle Chandler, he punctiliously dressed for dinner, and punctiliously sat at one end of the big dining room table while Teddie just as solemnly sat at the other—though she did once emerge sufficiently from her self-absorption to remark that they looked exactly like two palm trees on the edge of the Sahara.

She at once ventured to ask if Watkins really oughtn't to have a passport when he carried the joint all the way from her end of the table down to the old Major's end of the table.

And her Uncle Chandler brightened up sufficiently to inquire if he hadn't better order a taxi to run them out to the terrace for coffee, so abysmally cast seemed the distances in that dolorous and empty house.

If the old Major remained suspiciously meek and long-suffering during these days of trial, it must be acknowledged that he made divers and undivulged trips into the city, whence he returned oddly fortified in spirit and beguilingly abstracted in manner.

The only excursion which brought him obvious displeasure was that when he brought back Teddie a motor-truck loaded down with her studio possessions—which the lady in question solemnly committed to a bonfire on the rear end of the East Drive.

And that afternoon as they sat taking tea and cinnamon-toast on the terrace, he finally found courage to confront the morose-eyed young lady who sat in the high-backed willow-chair so moodily tearing an Ophelia rose to pieces.

"Say, Teddie, isn't it about time you were loosening up," the old Major quietly inquired.

"About what?" demanded Teddie, taking her third slice of cinnamon-toast.

"About that mix-up down in the village."

"It wasn't a mix-up," corrected Teddie.

"Then what was it?"

"It was a revelation."

"A revelation of what?" asked Uncle Chandler, as he put his teacup down.

"Of what men are!" asserted Teddie.

"Of course," said the old Major as he took out a chased gold case and meditatively extracted a cigarette. "So let's have it, Teddikins, hook, line and sinker!"

But Teddie shook her head.

"I telegraphed to father," she inappositely remarked.

"Where is Trummie this summer?" her uncle inquired.

"He's still at the Arizona Camp Observatory," explained Teddie.

"Trummie moves so slowly," complained the old Major. "The poor man can't help it, I suppose, trailing that chain of D. S's and F. R. S.'s and F. R. G. S.'s around after him [illegible]

#### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

THEODORA (TEDDIE) HAYDEN, a "poor little rich girl," seeks "freedom" in Greenwich Village. Her

UNCLE CHANDLER, "the major," before leaving for Hot Springs, goes to see her, telling his old chum

COMMODORE STILLMAN, that she is "too pretty to be running around loose." Her uncle is forced to be satisfied with her independent attitude.

RAOUL UHLAN, a portrait painter, forces his attentions on Teddie and kisses her. To punish him she asks

GUNBOAT DORGAN, a prizefighter, to beat him, which Dorgan does. Dorgan thereupon also kisses her and assumes rights over her roadster, much to the annoyance of

RUBY REAMER, a model, who threatens Teddie with "the law," because Dorgan has apparently thrown her over.

ATTORNEY SHOTWELL, representing Raoul Uhlan, calls to demand $25,000 for his client for the beating. So Teddie calls on

GERRY WEST, one of her own set, a childhood playmate, now a lawyer. She tells her story, whereupon Gerry also kisses her.

LOUIS LIPSETT, a reporter on the Star, is called in by West, who takes steps in spite of Teddie's indignation at being kissed again, to fight her enemies. Teddie, however, decides to pay Uhlan's claim.

Teddie is visited by the Commodore, who arrives just as she hands Shotwell a $25,000 check for Uhlan. The Commodore, overwhelmed with sympathy, kisses her just as Dorgan enters. Explanations follow. The Commodore leaves to telegraph Uncle Chandler to return and Dorgan starts out to get back the check.

GERRY WEST recovers her car, brings it back to her studio and is interrupted in his attempt at love-making when Dorgan drags in Lipsett.

Teddy fiercely repudiates Gerry and announces she is going home, just as Uncle Chandler enters.

"GERRY'S GOING TO MARRY THAT RIVERS GIRL."

(Copyright 1922 by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

("Gerry Gives Way" in To-morrow's Instalment.)

# THE EVENING WORLD'S RADIO PHONE SERVICE COLUMN.

By Capt. Robert Scofield Wood.

#### GOVERNMENTAL BROADCASTING COMMITTEE.

A recently organized interdepartmental committee now advises Secretary Hoover regarding the priority of Government material to be broadcasted and submits schedules of operation.

The committee is working along the lines that radio must be used primarily for types of service that cannot be satisfactorily conducted by other means of communication, and therefore radio broadcasting should not be used in general where wire telegraphy and telephone or printed publications would be as satisfactory. The scope of the committee's activities may be extended in an advisory capacity to the Secretary of Commerce in matters of Government radio regulations and in considering all radio questions of interdepartmental interest.

Eight existing Governmental stations, designated as primary stations, for the transmission of daily news and information include naval stations at Arlington and Great Lakes, Post Office stations at Washington, Omaha, North Platte, Rock Springs, Elko and Reno. The material sent out may be rebroadcasted by stations holding limited commercial licenses.

The personnel of the committee follows: Agriculture, W. A. Wheeler; Commerce, Dr. S. W. Stratton, Chairman; Interior, O. P. Hood; Justice, S. Ely; Labor, A. E. Cook; Navy, Commander D. C. Bingham; Post Office, J. C. Edgerton; State, W. S. Rogers; Treasury, L. J. Heath; War, Major Gen. G. O. Squier; Bureau of the Budget, H. P. Perrill; the Shipping Board, F. P. Guthrie, and Dr. J. H. Dellinger, Bureau of Standard, Secretary.

#### WOR GET NEW SET.

WOR the radio station of L. Bamberger and Company of Newark, N. J., which has become famous in the last three months in the metropolitan district for its novel afternoon and early evening programmes, has installed a new transmitting set of great power.

At present they are just testing and getting the instrument in proper condition to carry out an extended programme for the coming fall and winter. Although the new set has only been on test for the past week letters have been received from as far away as Nova Scotia and Florida thanking the owners of the station for the radio entertainment and commenting on the modulation and general efficiency of the transmission.

#### REPAIRING BURNED TUBES.

Probably some of us have at some time or other experienced the disappointment of having a vacuum tube burn out. Perhaps when listening to some concert or distant DX station without warning darkness fell behind the panel and the signals stopped abruptly. A $5 bill faded from our vision as well as the signals, and to most of us $5 is no trifle.

I have already burned out several tubes, each of a different type, and have in all cases been able to repair them. I have also been able to repair a number of tubes for fellow "hams." This is how it was done:

The tube was taken from the socket and to the filament prongs a supply of A. C. or D. C., preferably about four volts, was connected. The tube was then taken in one hand and hit against the palm of the other just hard enough to make the broken filament vibrate. Care should be exercised in this process as a too violent vibration will only break the filament in several places and ruin it beyond repair.

In most every case the filament will, if the knocking is kept up, touch in a short time. The current already in the filament will light it and fuse the broken ends together, thus completing the circuit and putting the tube back in service.

This experiment, though tried a number of times on both electron relays and audiotrons, has not yet failed.

The above is from a letter published in Radio News from Harold A. Zahle, Porterville, California.

#### RADIO FOR 740 OF THE LEVIATHAN'S CABINS.

Inspired by the recent radio successes of the S. S. America the Shipping Board is going to outstrip everything in the way of maritime radio installations and fit out 740 of the cabins of the Leviathan, which is being reconditioned for transatlantic passenger service, with radio receiving sets. Such is the announcement of A. D. Lasker, Chairman of the Shipping Board.

#### JOHN FRITZ MEDAL FOR 1922 GOES TO MARCONI.

Among the many distinctions conferred upon Marconi during his recent visit to America was the John Fritz medal, America's highest engineering distinction and award.

#### MORE RADIO INSTALLATIONS.

One of the largest single radio installations that has yet been recorded is the equipping of the Hutchinson fleet, which comprises some seventeen steamships, with radio transmitting and receiving sets.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

H. M., City. Will a galena crystal work better with a cat whisker or another crystal? Can I use two different types of crystal in combination—say, for instance, carborundum and galena or silicon and galena? What is considered to be the most sensitive crystal? Answer—A single crystal and a cat whisker will give as good results as two crystals at half the cost. It is far easier to adjust a cat whisker than a pair of crystals. Crystal can be used in combination and some very interesting results obtained. The sensitivity of a piece of crystal depends entirely upon the individual piece. Galena is considered to be the best, but it is often possible to get a piece of any other crystal that will give equally as good results as any galena.

Frank Harrison, Rye—Will you kindly tell me the best direction in which to erect my aerial? Will the presence of a line of high tension cables have any effect upon my reception? Is stranded copper wire better for reception than a steel core copper wire? At what point on the aerial is it best to make the lead-in connection? Answer—The only thing for you to do under the circumstances is to run your aerial at right angles to the high tension line. If you parallel it you will let yourself in for a lot of interference. Either type of wire, provided it is No. 14 gauge, will do for reception. It makes very little difference just where you make your lead-in connection as long as it is properly made and soldered.

Fan—I have a crystal set which gives me clearer reception than I am able to obtain on a vacuum tube set. Would it be possible to hook up this set with one or two stages of audio frequency amplification? If so will you give me the hook-up? Answer—Yes, it is possible to amplify the crystal signals with steps of audio frequency but it is not usually considered very satisfactory. The hook-up will be published in the near future.

### W W Z (New York) 360 Metres.

1.40 P. M.—Victrola selections from famous operas.

2.40 P. M.—Ampico recordings of compositions by American composers.

3.40 P. M.—Leota Fischer, soprano, in short song recital.

4.40 P. M.—Children's hour given by Elsie Jean, well known writer of children's stories and verse. Subject, "The Little Cave Dweller."

10.30 P. M.—Song recital by Edward B. Smith, baritone, assisted by Elsye Thompson, pianist.

### W J Z (Newark) 360 Metres

Features of the day:

Agricultural reports at 12 M. and 6 P. M.

Arlington official time at 12.55 to 1 P. M. and 10.55 to 11 P. M.

Baseball reports from 3 to 8 P. M.

Music every hour from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Weather reports at 11 A. M., 1, 6 and 11.01 P. M.

7.00 P. M.—"Bedtime Stories," by Thornton Burgess, noted author of Children's Book.

7.30 P. M.—"Message of Hope for the Cancer Stricken," by Annie Riley Hale.

8.00 P. M.—Literary evening, conducted by the editorial staffs of the Outlook, Scientific American and Harper & Brothers.

9.15 P. M.—Musical concert by Paul Denniker's Orchestra.

P. M. and 10.55 to 11 P. M.

Baseball reports from 3 to 8 P. M.

Music every hour from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Weather reports at 11 A. M., 1, 6 and 11.01 P. M.

7.00 P. M.—"Bedtime Stories," by Thornton Burgess, noted author of Children's Book.

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8.00 P. M.—Literary evening, con-

## SHIP NEWS INFORMATION

*Due To-Day.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Resolute, Hamburg | July 12 |
| Lituania, Libau | July 6 |
| Vandyck, Southampton | July 11 |
| Parima, St. Thomas | July |

*Due To-Morrow.*

| | |
|---|---|
| America, Queenstown | July 13 |
| France, Havre | July 15 |
| Ryndam, Plymouth | July 13 |

*Due Sunday.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Caronia, Southampton | July 15 |
| Celtic, Queenstown | July 16 |
| Giulo, Verdi, Genoa | July 16 |
| Ulua, Port Limon | July 16 |

*Sail To-Day.*

| | Mails Close. | Sails. |
|---|---|---|
| Scythia, Liverpool | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Mt. Carroll, Hamburg | 9.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Helig Olav, Chris'and | 10.00 A.M. | 1.00 P.M. |
| Susquehanna, Bremen | 11.30 A.M. | 3.00 P.M. |

*Sail To-Morrow.*

| | Mails Close. | Sails. |
|---|---|---|
| Homeric Southampton | 6.00 A.M. | 10.00 A.M. |
| Lapland, Antwerp | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Rotterdam, Plymouth | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Adriatic, Southampton | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Tres Fihoors | 1.30 P.M. | 5.00 P.M. |
| Orizaba, Havana | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Pastores, Port Limon | 8.00 A.M. | Noon |
| Southern Cross, Rio Janeiro | 10.00 A.M. | 2.00 P.M. |

## F. F. MACKAY, ACTOR, PARTY GUEST AT 90

### Daniel Frohman His Host, and Belasco Breaks In to Discuss Old Times.

Daniel Frohman last evening gave a birthday party for the veteran actor, F. F. Mackay, who was ninety years old yesterday. The party took place in Mr. Frohman's studio, atop of the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Mackay is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Actors' Fund and is its Vice President.

The guests were Mr. Mackay's colleagues on the Fund and included Sam Scribner, Milton Nobles, Ralph Delmore, Major B. A. Reinolds, Charles B. Wells, Walker Vincent and W. C. Austin. Mr. Mackay was the original Pierre in "The Two Orphans," and has appeared in many plays.

David Belasco, who is rehearsing his new play, "Shore Leave," in the Lyceum, hearing of the affair over its head, took his star, Frances Starr, and broke in as a surprise on the party to congratulate the guest. Mr. Belasco was associated with Mr. Mackay at various times in the old California theatre days, when Mr. Mackay was stage director and young Belasco the assistant. Many incidents in their early career were recalled.

Mr. Mackay is still vigorous, and devoted to the cause of the Actors' Fund.

#### GERMAN BANK STATEMENT.

BERLIN, July 21.—The statement of the Imperial Bank of Germany, as of July 15, shows the following changes: Total coin and bullion decreased 150,000 marks, treasury and loan association notes decreased 3,491,900 marks, bills of exchange and check increased 1,050,729,000 marks, discount and treasury bills increased 10,126,373,000 marks, investments decreased 21,496,000 marks, notes in circulation increased 2,700,732,000 marks, deposits increased 4,744,641,000 marks, other liabilities increased 642,478,000 marks, total gold holdings, 1,604,859,000 marks.